Enter Katerina.

Good morrow *Kate*, for that's your name I heare.

Kate. Well haue you heard, but something hard of hearing
They call me *Katerine*, that do talke of me.

Pet. You lye in faith, for you are call'd plaine *Kate*,
And bony *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the curst:
But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in Christendome,
Kate of *Kate*-hall, my super-dainty *Kate*,
For dainties are all *Kates*, and therefore *Kate*
Take this of me, *Kate* of my consolation,
Hearing thy mildnesse prais'd in every Towne,
Thy vertues spoke of, and thy beautie sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
My selfe am mou'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kate. Mou'd in good time, let him that mou'd you hither
Remoue you hence: I knew you at the first
You were a moueable.

Pet. Why, what's a moueable?

Kate. A ioyn'd stoole.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come sit on me.

Kate. Asses are made to beare, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to beare, and so are you.

Kate. No such Iade as you, if me you meane.

Pet. Alas good *Kate*, I will not burden thee,
For knowing thee to be but yong and light,

Kate. Too light for such a swaine as you to catch,
And yet as heauie as my waight should be.

Pet. Should be, should: buzze.

Kate. Well tane, and like a buzzard.

Pet. Oh slow-wing'd Turtle shall a buzzard take thee?

Kate. I for a Turtle as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come you waspe, y'faith you are too angrie.

Kate. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then to plucke it out.

Kate. I, if the foole could finde it where it lies.

Pet. Who knowes not where a Waspe does wear his sting?
In his taile.

Kate. In his tongue?

Pet. Whose tongue.

Kate. Yours if you talke of t

Pet. What with my tongue
Nay, come againe good *Kate*,

Kate. That Ile trie.

Pet. I sweare Ile cuffe you, if yo

Kate. So may you loose your
If you strike me, you are no Ge
And if no Gentleman, why ther

Pet. A Herald *Kate*? O: pu

Kate. What is your Crest, a

Pet. A combelesse Cocke, s

Kate. No Cocke of mine yo

Pet. Nay come *Kate* come:

Kate. It is my fashion when

Pet. Why heere's no crab, a

Kate. There is, there is.

Pet. Then shew it mee.

Kate. Had I a glasse, I wou

Pet. What, you meane my

Kate. Well aym'd of such a

Pet. Now by S. George I am

Kate. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kate. I care not.

Pet. Nay heare you *Kate*. In

Kate. I chafe you if I tarrie.

Pet. No, not a whit, I find yo
'Twas told me you were rough,
And now I finde report a very ly
For thou art pleasant, gamesom
But slow in speech: yet sweete
Thou canst not frowne, thou c
Nor bite the lip, as angrie wen
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cr
But thou with mildnesse entert
With gentle conference, soft, a
Why does the world report th
Oh slandrous world! *Kate* lik
Is straight, and slender, and as

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